

Church Lunch Clubs for Women

An Idea That Is Fast Spreading Where Business Is Creeping In

Serving buttered rolls and bowls of floating island from the top of a grand piano may seem inconsistent to methodical housekeepers, but the girls who partake of the rolls and floating island find the arrangement attractive. The grand piano, in the role of sideboard because it has outlived its usefulness as a musical instrument, is being to stay, as is the Calvary Episcopal Church Lunch Club for Women, opened less than two months ago at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street with a baker's dozen of patrons. Now it has no members, all it can care for, and a long waiting list.

To quote Mrs. M. G. Atherton, president of the club: "Three days after we opened thirty-five girls lunched here; two days later we had sixty-five and three days after that we took lunch in the room. It was then I saw that we



A PEACEFUL MEAL AT CALVARY LUNCH CLUB.

would have to restrict the number of members to ten, each of whom pays 25 cents a month, and to restrict the use of the place to members only."

The only approach to the lunch room is through the big, dim, quiet church, and usually, before going back to store or office, lunchers linger a while in the pews listening to the organ music, which fills the church at the noon hour.

The lunchroom place itself is novel. It is a long room opening from the left transept of the church, and except between the hours of 12 and 2 is used as a reception room and class room. Tall cases filled with books run across one

luncheon hour the cook turns in and presides at the serving table assisted by a couple of volunteers, several members of Calvary parish taking turns in this service.

One of the volunteers is Miss Satterlee, a niece of the late Bishop Satterlee, at one time rector of Calvary Church. Patrons of the lunch room pick up a tray and select what they want at the piano and serving table before seating themselves at one of the small tables.

"The other day," said Mrs. Atherton, "a young woman asked if she could have a large table arranged for her the next day so that eight girls employed in the

same insurance company could eat their dinner together, and I was very glad indeed to say yes. It looked very homelike to see that little party at luncheon together and looking as if they were having a very happy time."

"The day before Thanksgiving we served a menu including turkey, cranberry sauce, celery, and pumpkin and mince pie, and fixed up the room to have a somewhat gala appearance, and before going out one young woman came and taking hold of my hand said:

"I feel as if I had been home and eaten a real Thanksgiving dinner. I thought that was very sweet of her and what she said indicated the yearning so many women wage earners have for homelike surroundings at the lunch hour."

The room seats about thirty-five persons at one time and by limiting the membership to ten the place is kept from ever being crowded, the members planning their lunch time so as not to arrive at the same hour.

Practically it was the recently arrived Western rector, the Rev. Dr. Arthur Sedgwick, who was chiefly instrumental in launching the project. He found a few enthusiastic supporters of his plan among the members of his congregation. Like himself, these members recognized that the church's changed environment demanded a change of working tactics, if the building was to be of most service to the locality. There is no doubt whatever, Mrs. Atherton thinks, about the future of the lunch room. Problematical at first, it is now recognized as among the most interesting and appreciated of Calvary's activities.

The fourth of its kind to open under church auspices in New York, it has spurred on ministers of churches further uptown to getting points with the idea of opening similar clubs in their own parishes.

The Brick Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, a strategic point in the great retail shopping district, is contemplating a Brick Church woman's lunch club within easy reach of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue within the next few weeks. The Brick Church is an old-fashioned structure with no rooms on the premises which could be pressed into service for lunch and rest rooms. The rest room, it is said, is as important, more important if anything, than the lunch room in the opinion of one of the church members most interested in the scheme.



"GRAND PIANO ROLLS."

truck gardens and berry fields and night messenger service.

In relation to this Mr. Lovejoy says: "The fruit, vegetable and seafood canning industries throughout the country remain practically exempt from all child labor restriction. A large number of states still employ young boys in coal mines and quarries. The regulation of street trades is chaotic. Hundreds of young boys and girls are being recruited in vaudeville and moving picture shows to the enterprise of theatrical managers and the ignorance of parents. The reduction of hours for children to eight a day, a standard already commonly recognized as reasonable for adult men, has been secured in only ten states and it is significant that none of these bans of textile manufacturing as a leading industry. Law enforcement and educational opportunity are almost lacking in many sections. Little school children, and even their younger brothers and sisters, in New York city continue to hound over their hard tasks in study dimly lit tenements at unseemly hours of the night without violation of any law by those who employ them."

That the child labor question is older than the eight hours attributed to it is the statement of A. J. McKelway, who says: "Good old Nathaniel Morton, in his New England Memorial, assigned as one of the reasons why the Pilgrim Fathers left the Old World for the New, this: 'That many of their children through the extreme necessity that was upon them, although of the best dispositions and graciously inclined, and willing to bear part of their parents' burdens, were oftentimes so oppressed with their heavy labors that although their spirits were free and willing yet their bodies bowed under the weight of the same, became decrepit in their early youth and the vigor of nature was consumed in the bud.'"

The attitude of the English people during this century may be summed up in the following quotation: "A quarter of the mass of mankind are children, males and females, under 15 years of age, from whom little labor is to be expected."

The census of 1900 reported 1,700,000 child breadwinners, in to 15 years of age, which need no framing, says another member of the committee, who adds: "We believe the record of the last seven years gives promise that the American people are ready to rally to conditions which, throughout the nation, shall guarantee to every child an adequate opportunity to play and grow and learn."

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THE ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH LUNCH.

"There are plenty of popular priced restaurants in the neighborhood," she declared, "but none which includes any sort of rest room and only the very large dry goods stores of this locality set aside a resting space for women employees to use at the lunch hour. The many hundreds of smaller stores haven't one

foot of extra space to spare and the hundreds of factories and office buildings which have invaded this district in the last few years are equally hampered."

"Probably there is no part of the city where a church lunch club would be a greater boon than right here, and the Brick Church is awake to that fact. But to get the rooms needed without paying an exorbitant sum is not easy. In fact they are not easy to get at any price. To establish a club like this even a short distance away from the heart of things would be a mistake, we feel. It might be a failure instead of the huge success we hope to make it. It looks now as if the most practicable plan was to hire a house, use the first floor for the kitchen and lunch room, the second floor for rest and reading rooms, renting out the floors we don't need to business people. This is what we shall probably do. The equipment of a place like this is not a small item and naturally the financial end must be carefully considered and decided before the project is launched. This is what is being done now."

"For this reason we may be slow in starting, but when the Brick Church women's lunch club does start it will be here to stay. St. Paul's Chapel downtown began the work and the development has amazed even the most enthusiastic of the supporters of Mr. Geer, the vicar, who was the first to conceive the plan and to help establish the first church lunch club for women. Like most pioneers Mr. Geer had to stand having fun poked at his project and when the lunch club was finally opened in one of the rooms of St. Paul's administrative building at the rear of the churchyard a broad smile went the rounds of the district. No one believed the experiment would be continued long."

"For a week or so only a very simple lunch, including no hot dishes at all, except tea and coffee was offered, but so soon as the daily patronage began to

climb steadily the steward branched out a little and served hot meats, vegetables and desserts. That was nearly five years ago. Before long the church lunch room was so popular that the manager found it necessary to inaugurate the club idea and charge those who cared to use the place 25 cents a month.

"Long ago the limit of membership, 750, was reached, and there is now a waiting list of 350. Every day about 750 young women eat luncheon there in relays of about 60, which is all the room can seat at one time."

"It is impossible," said the manager, "to care for any more between 11:30 and 2 o'clock, which are the lunch hours, therefore it is out of the question to enlarge the membership. It is equally impossible to enlarge the room and to move would also be out of the question. Young women put their names down on the waiting list and as fast as half a dozen or more drop out half a dozen new ones step in. It takes some bookkeeping now to keep things straight. Once a month members are expected to report or write to renew their tickets and it is by keeping track of how many failed to do this that we know how many to let in from the waiting list."

"Occasionally some of our patrons get work further uptown and leave this neighborhood, and others get married."

"Soon after this lunch club was started we placed rest rooms down stairs at the disposal of our patrons and opened a circulating library and an employment bureau for their use. Last fall we put in a piano, played attachment at a cost of \$1,200 so that the girls might have music while they were eating. Had we room we could have twice 750 here every day."

The menu at St. Paul's Women's Lunch Club now contains a large variety of hot dishes, besides the usual desserts and cold dishes and the prices are not any lower than those charged in the popular restaurants, but as customers wait on themselves they save something on waiters' fees.

Grace Church, which was the first to follow St. Paul's example, opened a year

later in a room on the second floor of its Neighborhood House, facing on Fourth Avenue, a lunch room for women and a rest room on the floor above. As the other church lunch clubs there is no sign to indicate that a lunch room is on the premises and the place is not advertised in any way.

Nevertheless from 12 to 2 every day a steady stream of women climb the stairs and wait patiently, often in line, to get their luncheon here. Even the waiters are about the maximum number of waiters, modulated, the room seating not more than sixteen at a time. The rest room, which at other hours is a boys' classroom, is large and cheerful, containing comfortable chairs and good reading matter.

"We can't enlarge," the manager, warned, "because of lack of kitchen and dining room space to give work to cooking and serving lunches." At this lunch room the club idea is not enfolded any woman who comes being served if she can wait long enough.

Last spring a woman's lunch room was opened in St. George's Church Memorial building in East Sixteenth Street and kept going till the fall activities of the parish started up, requiring every room on the premises. The lunch club had to be discontinued. Since then a committee has been hunting diligently in the neighborhood of Fourth Avenue from Sixteenth to Twentieth Street for so far, suitable quarters in which to establish St. George's lunch club for women.

An assistant deaconess said that the committee had almost decided on a house in Eighteenth Street and that if this house was chosen it could be put in readiness for business in three weeks.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, East Fifth Avenue near Forty-fourth Street, which also now finds itself hemmed in with business houses, will be sixth in the chain of churches actively interested in promoting church lunch clubs for women. The basement of the church contains roomy, cheerful quarters which could be spared for this purpose at the lunch hour and it is probably there that the lunch room advocated by the pastor will be operated.



ON THE GOOD SIDE OF THE COOK

Giving the Child a Chance

Things to be Discussed at the Eighth Convention of the Workers.

A recent photograph taken in the coal mine region shows a small boy of 9 or thereabout, sitting with his back to a wall and his face turned to the big door that he is there all day long to watch. This door separates one corridor from another and prevents the mingling of noxious gases. His station is a mile from the entrance and when his shift is over it is time to go to the surface and then to bed. His knowledge of the great world outside the coal mine is vague. Sunday is the only day of leisure and he is so tired then that he often sleeps most of its sunny hours away.

But on the door of the coal mine corridor he has sketched with a fragment of chalk his conception of flying birds. For fear he may forget his responsibilities he has chalked in capital letters "Shut This Door. That Means You," and beside this is another injunction, "Please Don't Scare the Birds."

The photograph is one of a collection which is to be exhibited at the eighth annual convention of the National Child Labor Committee, to be held at Louisville, Ky., the latter part of January. The first of these meetings took place in New York city, since then they have been held in Washington, Boston, Atlanta, Birmingham, Chicago and Nashville. So far thirty States have adopted better laws on this question of the child's welfare and as one of the present committee expresses it, although they are by no means perfect they certainly represent a step in the right direction.

Among those who are to make platform appearances at Louisville at this convention are Jane Addams, Mrs. Emmett Blaine, John Graham Brooks, V. Everett Macy, Felix Adler, Cardinal James Gibbons, Bishop Greer, Robert Hunter, Ben Lindsey, John Mitchell, Mrs. Philip Moore, Adolph Ochs, Gifford Pinchot, Benjamin Tilton, Robert W. de Forest, Mrs. Florence Kelley, Homer Folles and Samuel McCall Lindsey.

Other speakers invited to address the assemblies are Dr. Carroll C. Pearce, president National Education Association; Mrs. Raymond Robins, president Woman's Trade Union League, Chicago; Mrs. Fredrick Crane, New York; Frank A. Vanderlip, New York; Prof. E. A. Alderman, University of Virginia; Senator Robert Owen of Oklahoma; Prof. Kenyon Butterfield, Massachusetts; Agricultural College, Judge Merritt Pinckney, Juvenile Court, Chicago; Prof. John Abernethy, University of Alabama; Dr. Edward T. Devine, editor of the *Sun*, New York.

According to Owen Lovejoy, secre-

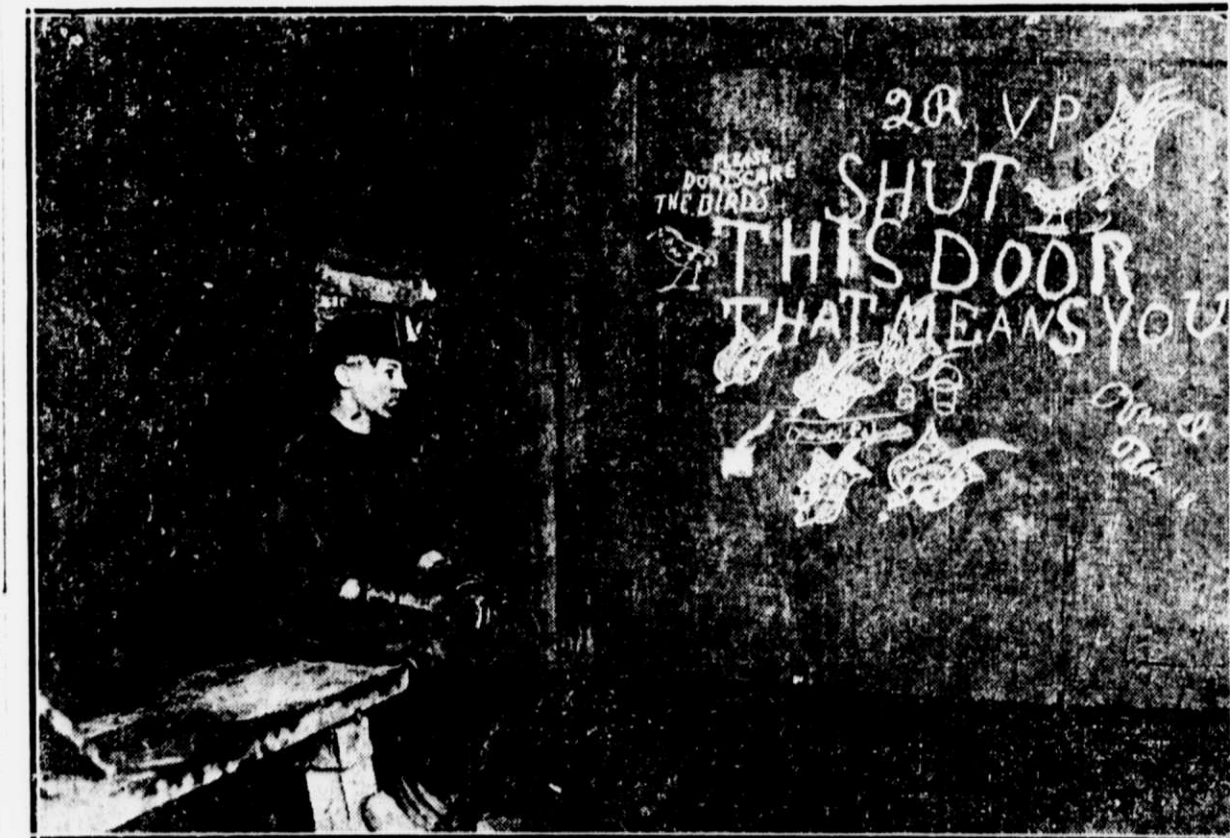


Photo by courtesy of National Child Labor Committee.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD TRAPPER BOY IN A COAL MINE AND THE DRAWINGS WITH WHICH HE OCCUPIES HIS SPARE TIME.

ODD THINGS ABOUT HARPS.

The Harp Carriers—Harp Covers and Trunks—What Harps Cost.

As novel an occupation as any is that of the professional harp carriers who deliver harps for dealers, bring in harps for repairs and shift harps from one point to another. There are in the city four or five such carriers, who are experts in handling harps. These carriers are all Italians and all harp players, they have from the Interborough railroad company special permits allowing them to carry harps on the subway and elevated railroads.

For delivering harps within the city the carriers make one uniform charge whatever the distance may be. There are other advantages of delivering for a professional carrier. A wagon driver would simply carry a harp to a house and leave it. A harp carrier delivers the harp safely, and when he has set it up in place he takes off the cover, tunes the harp and then he strikes a few chords upon it.

For one music house a single carrier has delivered as many as five harps a day. The carriers also shift harps for professional musicians to places where they are to be played. Between the carriers themselves are likely to find employment here and there as players.

Every harp should have a cover for its protection from dust and dampness, and these covers are made sometimes of canvas or waterproof stuff, but usually, for home use, of Canton flannel, of felt, or of corduroy. These covers are not simply loose bags to cover the harp, but in each case tailor made to fit the individual harp. Such harp covers cost from \$2.50 to \$10 each. Costlier harp covers are made of silk, of any desired color, to harmonize with a room or its fittings, and cost perhaps \$35 or \$40.

New harps of American make, which are said to be the best in the world, cost from \$500 to \$2,000, while second-hand harps may be bought at \$125 and upward.

Most new harps are shipped by the makers in wooden cases which are now shipped in harp trunks, in each case made for them. Harp owners who do not own a trunk may have one made to order so that the trunk shall fit the harp. Harps weigh fifty to seventy-five pounds each. A harp trunk weighs about 150 pounds and costs \$50. The harp is placed within this trunk in its cover and the trunk is so padded within as to hold the harp securely. There are made many old looking trunks for various special uses, but a harp trunk is about as curious looking a contraption as any of them.

Two Pickers on One Line.

From the *Leviston Journal*. A human and honest fisherman who set his traps for pickerel on a Maine pond the other day is ready to make affidavit as follows: "I hereby declare on oath that I did catch two pickerel on one hook. The first pickerel swallowed the bait and didn't like it. Apparently he tried to cough it up. At any rate he spewed the hook out under his gills and it floated off in the water to be grabbed by a second pickerel. There came up two pickerel, all strung on a line."

The Little Neighbor

A Bird That Practised Squatter Sovereignty and Made Friends.

He moved into his new house in the early spring. It was a case of squatter sovereignty. One morning the intruder began to build without so much as saying "If you please." The owner did not even know the trespasser's name. The little fellow walked about with such an confident air, nodded his head so self-assuredly and appeared so little in the way that the owner determined to leave him the small space his house required and to ask no rent. He attempted several times to tell him so, but the little neighbor evaded intimacy.

It was some time in May that the little neighbor brought home his bride. He was the happiest fellow imaginable when she stood on the threshold of their house. He couldn't keep still. He bounded around as if on air and half whistled, half sung the liveliest tunes. His wife was more sedate. She wore a russet traveling gown and was quiet and reserved.

Neighbors are next door people. Whether there is neighborliness or not depends on the heart more than the home. The next door of the house may be far away, but the heart brings it very near. The little neighbor was affectionate. He often visited those whom he liked. He would sit on the porch steps, his wise little head cocked to one side, and gaze into the faces of his friends. He did not talk much. That is one of the evidences of real neighborliness. Only strangers, chance acquaintances and fair weather friends must carry on a conversation whether there is anything to say or not.

The children of the little neighbor grew up in his exact image. They were vest pocket editions of their father. They learned too by watching him. They walked as he did. They tried to sing as he did. The whole neighborhood learned a lesson in hereditary and example by the spectacle. The little neighbor made every father walk more circumspectly and every mother smile more tenderly.

The little neighbor was a helpful body with all his apparent laziness. His singing was glorious. When he first began, quite early in the morning, it was somewhat annoying. But there was such a glad thrill in it and it was so neighborly in its loving insistence that it grew to be a necessary part of the morning. The whole neighborhood was more cheerful because of the morning serenade. It became the keynote to the entire day.

Then there was a more material way in which the little neighbor helped. Before he came the orchard and vineyard

A Dog Under Arrest.

From the *London Times*. A dog thief, not a dog stealer, but a dog which had been trained to catch and steal, was arrested by the French police. He was caught on a flagrant delict, we read, and he was in the act of stealing a pair of shoes from an establishment in No. 10, rue de la Paix. The dog was seen to take the shoes into the police office and sent to the fouriery, where he will meet an untimely end.